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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, - Showers.

A. B. HAMMOND'S ENTERPRISE.

The news of A. B. Hammond's purpose to erect a big mill, of 400,000 feet capacity per day, on the Flavel waterfront, while it pleases everyone hereabout, does not surprise us, because it is no secret that he owns immense timber interests all about here, that must be logged and milled and sold some day.

The Hammond interests are very large and extend clear into the Tillamook country and up the Columbia, and that he should initiate a plant at the mid-way point, a point that ensures instant despatch by rail and sea to any given destination in the world, is but another evidence of his profound wisdom in planning his share of the marvelous endowment of this county, country and port.

All Astoria has to do is to kindle her own faith and summon her own courage, and do for herself as others are doing for her. Lassitude, indifference, delay and temporizing must be cast aside and the local energies be put in trim and train for the bright future that has dawned.

The Hines are being hewed out clearly and directly and if Astoria is alert, opportunistic and aggressive, there is nothing she cannot have. Mr. Hammond is but showing her the way.

HENEY.

This name is now one to conjure with on the Pacific Coast.

It is significant of exposure, penalty, and character-wrecking generally. A study of the man and his method evinces a supreme knowledge of public men, affairs and customs, since he never goes after a man that is not guilty, and never fails to prove his case.

He seems possessed of an intuitive sense of real guilt in given places and exercises marvelous skill in developing his conclusions: And it is to this unflinching process that he is becoming the worst dreaded man in public life out here. What he and Secret Service

Agent Burns cannot, and do not, find out and punish, is simply waiting its turn.

If Henev lives long enough he will unearth all the rottenness in the official life of America, and it is hoped, profoundly, all over this territory, that he will live for many a year. Portland wants him next, and it is quite likely she will get him. Once he heads her way, there will be a fierce hustling under cover, and innumerable disappearances that will deceive no one.

Of course Astoria does not need a Henev. No city does until he has looked it over.

A DERNIER RESORT.

The forty railways west of Chicago now threatened with the strike of the century, have, as a dernier resort, dug up the Erdmann Act of 1898, which provides for the arbitration of all labor differences that involve inter-state commerce, and will insist upon its application in this hour of their danger and trouble.

In many ways it is an excellent thing to do, and it is quite likely the government will meet the situation squarely and use the law to lessen the rigors of the impending tie-up. And it may be said in passing, that it will do so only to save the people from the hardships certain to be invoked by such a wholesale strike, and not particularly in aid of either party to the engagement.

So far as is known the Erdmann law has never been used before to any great extent, and it is in a fair way to demonstrate its real value now. And if it shall lend affirmative testimony of the immense worth of arbitration as an expedient, it will have done enough to drag it out from its innocuous hiding, and place it on the calendar of laws that mean something.

It will save countless thousands to all concerned and will, perhaps, establish a precedent, incalculably valuable throughout the future.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

George M. Cohan says he's going to write some new vaudeville plays for us—the kind we need and want. There's no use protesting about these things. We can't tell what we like till we see it. We only hope Mr. Cohan will keep his hands off Shakespeare.

The all-night bank in Chicago has ceased to operate. The Chicagoan is accustomed to a different sort of all-night bank and prefers to carry on his business in the old way, although he sometimes suspects that the game wasn't on the square.

Clarice: No, it is not true that Mr. Lawson offers \$5,000 to every reader of his book "Friday the Thirteenth." The offer is for the best review. See display advertisement.

Fifteen thousand bales of cotton were burned in Genoa harbor—foreign consumption of American raw material. The South has cotton to burn this year.

Ballooning has been added to the curriculum of the United States Army. An airship navy will in all probability be the next thing on the appropriation bill.

The Filipinos want all of the modern governmental improvements. They already have the Australian ballot and are clamoring for a primary election system.

Gently but firmly we offer an answer to the oft-repeated question: "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" Let us keep them to refer to.

Rumor, may keep on insisting that William Ellis Corey is to marry a certain actress until he succumbs and does it up to stop the talk.

The matter of getting into a Broadway car at both gates being satisfactorily settled, everybody will continue to rush for the subway.

Not the least of the benefits resulting from reduced passenger rates will be a reduction in the speed of surviving trains.

A flood as well as an earthquake may cause a conflagration in a modern city. Too much water and fire is bad combination.

It seems to be the contention of the alienists that a man can be sane when he chooses to be and insane when he feels like it.

Evacuation day was celebrated with ceremony in Boston. Everybody who could took the early trains out.

Greater Pittsburg having begun its active career with a greater flood will now resume its greatest steel business.

As long as some actress is suing Richard Mansfield for damages we know the drama lives.

How would you like to be a railroad president?

Even in Wall Street no failures are reported. The hurry in the speculative center is not much of a shower.

A Long Prayer

(Original.)

One evening soon after the accession of King Charles II. of England a young girl called at the palace of Whitehall and begged to see the sovereign. She would not have succeeded had it not been that he was leaving to go to the rooms of his mistress, Lady Castlemaine. Charles, passing the girl, who was evidently suffering from some great mental strain, asked her what she wanted.

"Oh, sire, give me the life of my brother, Arthur Hower, who is to be executed tomorrow on Tower hill."

Hower had fought on the side of the parliament, and upon the restoration certain parties high in power deemed it expedient that he should be put to death. The king was not a blood-thirsty man, but a great admirer of beautiful women. Mary Hower, who was beautiful, gained from him a promise that her brother should be pardoned. Then the king passed on. Mary, delighted, was about to hurry away when a courtier, young Sir Richard Vyner, called to her.

"You do not know the king," he said. "His majesty intends to grant the pardon he has promised, but he has gone to visit Lady Castlemaine, and heaven knows when he will come away from her. It may be too late to keep his promise or he may forget it. I will do what I can for you by reminding him of it as soon as he comes again."

Mary Hower was greatly cast down at this information, but gained hope at the young man's promise. The next morning she received a message from him saying that the king had not returned to the palace, and he feared he would not return in time to order the pardon sent to the Tower before the hour of execution.

Hower was to be executed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. In those days all people, the highest and the lowest, attended these executions, for which places were engaged ahead. In a diary of a prominent man who then flourished is an entry, "Engaged a place for my wife to see the execution, then went to the office." When the hour for the tragedy came the prisoner was conducted to the scaffold, from whence he looked down upon a sea of upturned faces. There were dukes and bakers and tallow chandlers.

A few minutes before 3 the Tower chaplain offered a short prayer for the prisoner's soul. Then as the executioner stepped forward a young man in the canonicals of the Church of England produced an order from James, duke of York (the king's younger brother), that he should be permitted to pray for the condemned man so long as he desired. The young clergyman then knelt and began to pray.

A half hour passed, when the lieutenant of the Tower interrupted the clergyman, reminding him that the spectators were getting impatient for the execution. The young man drew the duke's order and pointed to the words "as long as he desires." The king's brother was too high a personage for his order to be disobeyed. The lieutenant stepped back, and the clergyman went on with his prayer.

But the clamor became so great that the lieutenant again interrupted, beg-

ging the clergyman to desist. This time the young man paid no attention to the request. He was kneeling, with one hand on the block, his head sinking lower and lower, his voice becoming fainter and fainter. For nearly two hours he prayed. Then there was a clatter of horse's hoofs heard coming up from the city, and a rider was seen dashing toward the Tower holding aloft a paper. He was Sir Richard Vyner and bore a pardon from the king. As he threw himself from his horse and elbowed his way through the crowd to the scaffold the words died on the clergyman's lips and he sank in a swoon.

Both the prisoner—now by the king's order a free man—and Sir Richard, leaving the crowd to mingle shouts of disapproval or approval, turned their attention to the young clergyman whose extraordinary effort at prayer had saved the former's life. Since he could not be at once revived they sent for a coach and, putting him in it, got in themselves and drove away to the home of the released man. Before they reached it the clergyman opened his eyes and, seeing Hower beside him, threw his arms about his neck.

"Arthur!"

"Mary!"

Mary Hower during the morning before the execution had conceived the plan, if delay should be necessary, of achieving it by spending time in prayer. She had sent to Sir Richard Vyner asking if he could get her permission for a clergyman to do so, and the knight, finding the Duke of York, with whom he was a favorite, prevailed on him to give him the order. It was sent to Mary Hower at the Tower, who, disguised, had made the prayer.

Then Mary turned from her brother to Sir Richard, took his hand in hers and, bringing it to her lips, kissed it.

"Tell me, I beseech you," she said, "something I can do for you. Nothing can requite such a service, but I may show my gratitude."

"Nothing now," he replied. "In time I may ask an inestimable boon."

"But why have you done so much for me?"

"I saw you at a window long ago, when the king returned and received his welcome from the people. I saw you again at the coronation. I need to see you no more to know that you are come down from heaven."

Arthur Hower became prominent in the naval war against the Dutch, and his sister became Lady Vyner.

ROSALIE WHITTING.

When a man has trouble with his stomach you may know that he is eating more than he should or of some article of food or drink not suited to his age or occupation, or that his bowels are habitually constipated. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to regulate the bowels and improve the digestion and the trouble does not disappear. Ask for the sample. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

"Checkmate."

"Checkmate" represents "shah mat"—"the shah is dead." "Shah" in fact, entered our language long ago via Arabic and old French, arriving in the form of "check." "Chess" is really "checks," kings, and the cry of "Check!" means your king is in danger, hence the verb and substantive "check" in all their English meanings—"check" which was originally the counterfoil of a bill that served to "check" fraud; "checked," from the aspect of the chessboard, and "exchequer," from the checkered pattern of the tablecloth on which the king's accounts were kept with counters. All these we owe to the Persian sovereign's title.—London Chronicle.

Don't Complain.

If your chest pains and you are unwell, don't last long. A cure for all pulmonary diseases. Mrs. J. Galveston, Texas, writes: "I can't say enough for Ballard's Horehound Syrup. The relief it has given me is all that it is necessary for me to say. Get a bottle now and that cough Buy a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, and you won't have any cough, able to sleep because of a cough. For sale at Hart's drug store."

BACKACHE AND DESPONDENCY

Are both symptoms of organic derangement, and nature's warning to women of a trouble which will sooner or later declare itself.

How often do we hear women say, "It seems as though my back would break." Yet they continue to drag along and suffer with aches in the small of the back, pain low down in the side, dragging sensations, nervousness and no ambition.

They do not realize that the back is the main-spring of woman's organism and quickly indicates by aching a diseased condition of the feminine organs or kidneys, and that aches and pains will continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from native roots and herbs has been for many years the most successful remedy in such cases. No other medicine has such a record of cures of feminine ills.

Miss Lena Nagel, of 117 Morgan St., Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "I was completely worn out and on the verge of nervous prostration. My back ached all the time. I had dreadful periods of pain, was subject to fits of crying and extreme nervousness, and was always weak and tired. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures Female Complaints, such as Backache, Falling and Displacements, and all Organic Diseases. Dissolves and expels Tumors at an early stage. It strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache and Indigestion and invigorates the whole feminine system.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.



MISS LENA NAGEL

ANTI-LEAN advertisement featuring a portrait of a woman and text: 'ANTI-LEAN... MAKES LEAN PEOPLE FAT THROUGH THE NERVOUS SYSTEM... IT IS A FULLY VEGETABLE COMPOUND...'

WHITE & WYCKOFF'S EXCLUSIVE STATIONERY advertisement with decorative border and text: 'To the distant friend—letters from home, news of friends—bring added enjoyment. Dress your thoughts well by writing on correct stationery.'

E. A. HIGGINS CO., MUSIC BOOKS STATIONERY

W. C. LAWS & CO. HEATING AND PLUMBING ENGINEERS advertisement with text: 'Plans and estimates furnished on application. All work done by First-Class Mechanics.'

BIG REDUCTIONS ON Wall Paper 30 PER CENT OFF advertisement with text: 'On account of the large new spring stock coming and to make room in our store we offer 30 per cent off for the next few days.'

Sherman Transfer Co. HENRY SHERMAN, Manager

Clocks, Carriages—Baggage Checked and Transferred—Trucks and Furniture Wagons—Pianos Moved, Boxed and Shipped.

433 Commercial Street! Main Phone 121

THE TRENTON First Class Liquors and Cigars. 602 Commercial Street. Corner Commercial and 14th Astoria, Oregon.